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POETS

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning with R

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Lincoln Centennial Poem

B. J. Radford

The wayfarer upon the boundless plain
Oft turns to gaze, through backward distance dim,
Upon the monarchs of the mountain chain
That overtop the far horizon's rim.

So we, upon this pilgrimage so strange
Through time's dark continent, oft turn
The solitary monarchs of the range
Of glory-crowned immortals to discern.

They loom too lofty, and too grandly vast,
To be submerged by dark oblivion's wave;
They mingle not with all the buried past,
But stand as monuments above its grave.

And some are standing there who yet shall be
In view when men at last shall halt and wait
Beside eternity's Pacific Sea,
And catch the vista of its Golden Gate.

Among them our own Lincoln forth shall stand,
Reflecting time's last lingering sunset ray,
As awe-compelling and serenely grand
As we behold him in this nearer day.

A cabin housed him in his natal hour -
A hut where cheerless poverty held sway;
His end was in earth's highest seat of power,
Hard-won by civic virtue's rugged way.

No man had ever trudged so long a road,
As men count distance on the plains of life,
Or borne in patience a more grievous load
Of unearned hatred and vicarious strife.

With faith unfaltering he humbly sought
To serve his fellow-men; an uncrowned king
Who counted even worshiped kingship naught
Without the loving service it should bring.

Not for his sake, but ours, awhile we pause
To read again the lesson of his strife;
Inbreathe again the spirit of the cause
To which he gave his hand, his heart, his life.

LINCOLN

The cold, north wind drives
down the land
And seems to know and under-
stand
That Lincoln has a larger place
Within the hearts of his own
race
Of noble men—than when he
died
Long years ago, so much defied,
And that today his martyred
life
Has reprimanded human strife,
Caused men to praise a lowly
birth,
Trust every man upon the earth,
Fight for a cause when it is
right,
And die for freedom, truth and
right;
For Lincoln is a star on high
Whose steadfast light will never
die.
GORDON EDWARD RAFFETY.

LINCOLN

By Ethel Parton Rainey

In him did genius burn
Like a bright torch
Whose light has never dimmed,
But brighter grows
With passage of the years.
His was the lonely way
Of all the great of earth;
But when the load
That lay so heavily
Upon his heart was lifted,
And he came at last, to rest
Beneath the spangled dome
Of night's high canopy,
In God he found his solace,
His Companion
And his Friend.

Ethel Parton Rainey
7/1/37

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*By Nellie Ramaska, Bates Street,
North Brookfield*

Amiable was this great man,
Brave, he also was.
Right and never wrong,
And always willing to do everything
he was told.
Honesty was his greatest policy,
And you always heard of him as
Minding his own business.

Loyal to his country and flag,
Interested in political work,
Never refusing if he was asked.
Careful in everything he did,
Obtained a good education.
Let us all remember and
Never forget this great man—Abra-
ham Lincoln.

LINCOLN MEMORIALS.

The beauty of marble, the golden
glint of bronze
The strength of pillared stone—
Collective groups. The towering shaft
alone,
Is but the holdings of the fragrance
For the love so simply sweet and
dear
That in the perennial Garden of Life
We commemorate and gather year
after year.
He was a servant and a friend of
the common people
That is needed so much today.
May these memorials of love, truth
and faith
Be as stepping stones to us along
the way.

BY MRS. ROBERT T. RAMSAY.

*The Indianapolis
Sunday Star*

2/1/37

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

The crystal pool, in shadowed symmetry,
Mirrors the Grecian beauty of a shrine
A grateful nation built in memory
Of one who loved all men; whose blood
like wine
Was spilled in sacrifice. He followed
stern
And martial paths; his life was marred
with tears,
Yet is a fitting symbol for this urn
Of lofty grace.

Though slowly-certain years,
Exerting their inexorable might,
Shall use the marble as they used the
man;

And lichens dull the alabaster white
Till it is dark as a wind-whipped caravan,
Within the heart a temple strong and vast
Defies time's gnawing power that crum-
bles stone!

Fame's leaves may wither in the fickle
blast

Of adulation . . . love, and love alone,
Remembers—like a sudden storm at
noon—

Those whom the jealous gods call home
too soon!

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.

N. Y. Times
Feb. 12 '28

Reardon, Louise

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Abraham Lincoln in a log
cabin was born,"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*By Louise Reardon, 48 Proctor
Street, Worcester*

Abraham Lincoln in a log cabin was
born,
In Kentucky one cold, stormy winter
morn,
On Feb. 12, 1809, was born a child
who was always good natured
and kind.
His father's favorite sport was hunt-
ing,
And so he was doing when born was
this baby bunting,
An admirer of George Washington was
Abe,
Even as a tiny babe
Very tender hearted, no hunter was he,
His parents all wondered what he
would be,
Of course no presidency in him did
they see,
To get there he paid a fee.
Always truthful, good natured and
kind—a hard worker no shirker.
Near no doom shadow was he a lurker,
Those qualities that led to the White
House were his key,
Like him to be would be hard for you
and me.

"A Tribute to Our Great Statesman"

In patriotism we commemorate Lincoln's Birthday today
And honor that Great Statesman, who in 1865 passed away.
As an American he was a leader and master of his kind,
Our Lord gave him wisdom and a most wonderful mind.

Fearlessly the hand of Lincoln stood forth,
Thru the wild South and thru the startled North,
Humbly toiling in that beautiful Whitehouse Tower,
The mighty hand of Lincoln and a man of the hour.

He called to the colors men in relays,
To fight for the World and freedom of the slaves;
They fought side by side for the Red, White and Blue,
Sherman, Grant and Jackson, they all fought for you.

God knew the man, his Grace had sealed,
In those Civil War days Lincoln stood revealed;
He served his Country with confidence and faith,
And carried his battles up to the Golden Gate.

He was born in Kentucky, raised in Illinois,
Always was a favorite with those Whitehouse boys,
As a railsplitter down in those Indiana days,
Lincoln was always ready to serve folks that way.

He lived a life that was humble, though supreme,
Those splendid days of his youth, fulfilment of a Dream;
There is no red in crimson rose,
That can compare with the life Lincoln chose.

If he could have lived just a few years more,
His statesmanship would have helped to reconstruct after the war.
But God knows best, and let us all silently pray,
As we retire at the end of this most perfect day.

His noble deeds of valor, as he fought for you and me
Were welcomed by the Yankee Lads who suffered for Liberty;
He rendered a great service for the good of civilization,
Always aflame with Patriotic sacrifice for this great Nation.

The freedom of justice enjoyed by us all
As our Lord and Saviour sent forth his last call;
We sacredly bless heroes like he,
As he died for the cause that made History.

Our Lord and Master put him to the test,
Gave him courage that was always of the best;
And we love him for the things he done,
As he closely followed the path of George Washington.

As a tribute O Father, in the days to come,
Let's all be Americans and unite as one;
This one hundred and tenth anniversary so divine
As we close by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

CHARLES REMICK, PRES.,
RYAN & REMICK, INC.

Basin h t news 2-12-19

Arena, April, 1897

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

APRIL 15, 1865.

BY FRANC REMINGTON.

The cycling year now marks the day's returning,
On which the nation mourned her fallen chief,
When rich and poor alike were joined in mourning,
And all the land was eloquent of grief.

The flags waved low upon that sad to-morrow,
And heavy on the breezes seemed to lie ;
While men met, speechless with their weight of sorrow,
And grasped each other's hands all silently.

The solemn bells rang out from every steeple,
For him whose word delivered the oppressed,
As on they bore him 'mid the stricken people,
And laid him, as a king is laid to rest.

And yet no robe of state was folded round him,
No diadem that rugged brow bedecked ;
His gracious words and kindly deeds best crowned him,
And robed him best his kingly intellect.

A royal soul, that knew nor fear nor quailing ;
Mighty to suffer for the cause he loved ;
When foes were mocking and when friends were failing,
He stood upon the rock of Right unmoved.

As the disciples met their Lord at even,
And walked with Him amid the gathering night,
And felt their hearts burn when He talked of heaven,
But knew Him not until He left their sight, —

Rice, Inez

Lincoln

"It is not wise to say too
much;"

Lincoln

It is not wise to say too
much;

To be too silent is to
bluff.

He had a certain sense
that knew

When what he said
was quite enough.

INEZ RICE,
3415 93th st., Jackson Heights,
Long Island.

—O—

Two dollars will be sent the
author of the above.

W. J. ...
2/27

Abraham Lincoln.

Throughout the days of civil strife,
When North from South took life for life
When cannon boomed midst bursting shell,
And kin fought kin like demon fell;
He held the reins.

When gloomy sights dimmed light of day,
As Northern blue met Southern gray,
When all about were signs of woe,
And hearts in grief were beating slow;
He prayed them cease.

When little children stopped their play
To watch a brother, brother slay,
When this fair land was drenched in gore
And showed the havoc wrought by war;
He asked for peace.

Then when the North and South were one
And shrieking shell and booming gun
Had ceased to echo o'er this land
And cleansed was every blood-stained hand;
He smiled once more.

While day by day were welcomed home
The veterans from the warring zone
And vacant homes were being filled
As weed-grown lands again were tilled;
When cries of horror.

Rewoke this peaceful vale again
And all about came cries of shame
As round the world the cry went forth
To East and West and South and North;
"Lincoln's been slain!"

At Ford's theatre, Washington!"
And breathlessly the words were spun
"Twas Booth, an actor, did the deed,
And now there waits the pressing heed,
Of erasing stain."

Long now he's lain in peaceful sleep,
Though ever on this day we'll keep
The memory of his birthday clear,
Forever onward, year by year;
While thought remains.

RALPH REID RICE.

Buffalo, Feb. 12th.

TWO LINCOLNS

A SONNET

Lincoln's a name of honor in our land,
And happy he who bears it long and well.
Who rang of Slavery and its wars the knell
Forever foremost on her scroll must stand,
In story single, and in glory grand—
What tales so-ever after years may tell.

And yet another Lincoln name shall swell
The trump of Fame, in Classic Learning's hand,
He fifty years, save one, the Latin speech,
As a great master taught, till Livy's fame,
Lacking his rich and rare embellishment,
I doubt in our new world its height could reach;
Nor Brown's great college bear so broad a name—
With Lincoln's life outside her portals spent.

Wm. C. Richards

CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1891.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Margaret Rinaldi, Parsons,
Kansas, one of the younger readers
of The National Republican.

Emancipator of the slave!
Great man of lowly birth,—
What was the secret of thy pow'r
And fame upon the earth?
"There was no secret," thou
would'st say,
"No trick, nor idle sport,—
By watchful care, the captain
guides
His ship safe into port."
If you would seek a world to win,
An aim to realize,—
Be sure it's for man's good, and
willed
By Him who rules the skies.
Then strive with all your might
and main,
Unfurl your day-dream flag,—
And never once lose sight of it,
Nor let your courage lag.
Do this, and you will never fail,
Your dream will yet come true,—
Ere long your brother man will
see,
And strive to help you too.
Be strong,—be brave,—stand for
the right,
And heed your country's call,—
See this the land that Lincoln saw,
Of Liberty for all!

The Emancipator

—BY RIPLEY



THEY CALLED HIM HOMELY, BUT A BEAUTY RARE,
SHONE IN THAT RUGGED FACE WE KNOW SO WELL,
THE DEEP-SET EYES THEIR TALE OF VISIONS TELL,
AND MYSTIC, BROODING SADNESS LINGERS THERE
THEY SAY HE DIED AT AN ASSASIN'S HAND —
WE KNOW HE LIVES; HIS SOUL IS HERE TODAY,
HIS EYES STILL GLOWING IN THAT MAGIC WAY
LIGHTING THE FARTHEST CORNERS OF OUR LAND —
THE LAND HE LOVED SO THAT HE GAVE HIS LIFE,
AND GAVE HIS DEATH, THAT IT MIGHT EVER BE
THE NATION THAT HE VISIONED, FAR FROM STRIFE,
AND FREE FROM EVERY FORM OF SLAVERY.
LINCOLN, IN THY DEAR MEMORY TODAY,
WE LIFT OUR HEARTS — TO KEEP THY DREAM WE PRAY!

Cal. Marble Advertiser 2-8-17



ODE TO LINCOLN'S LOG CABIN.

Now enclosed within Lincoln Memorial Hall, which was deeded to the nation and accepted by President Wilson at Hodgenville, Kentucky, September 4, 1916.

O lowly hut of rough-hewn logs!
O cabin-home of frontier folk!
O birthplace shrine!—to thee we
pay
Our Nation's debt of gratitude.

Within thy walls was born to us,
Five score and seven years ago,
That lad who, grown to man's estate,
Preserved the Union—saved our
Land.

As president and patriot,
He freed four million negro
slaves,
And gave his life,—a martyr's gift,
When stricken down by traitor's
hand.

A marble hall we've built for thee,
And dedicated thine abode;
Memorial to him we love,
Whose mansion is Eternity.

Protected now from storms of Time,
Within this building beautiful,
Still stand, O sacred shrine, and
speak
To generations yet unborn.

* * *

May thy rude frame and mem'ries
sweet
Inspire humanity, and tell
Of him,—a product of our soil,—
Who loved mankind and liberty.

And may this "honored dead" still
live
While ages pass—as even now—
Enshrined within the hearts of men,
Our greatest, noblest citizen.

—F. Ray Risdon.
Los Angeles, Cal.



ODE TO

Lincoln's Log Cabin

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—F. RAY RISDON.

*Los Angeles, California
September, 1916.*

Rittenhouse, Floyd O.

SARAH BUSH-LINCOLN TO NANCY HANKS-LINCOLN
Abraham Lincoln's Stepmother to his Mother
Indiana, 1820

I came to care for those you left behind:
This hapless man, the girl, the son you loved so much.
I've swept disorder from his hut and mind
And tried to give each thing a woman's touch.

The cabin's clean and cheerful. Your bed
I make each day with thoughtful care.
At eve they find the table wholesome spread
With dishes plain that love has helped prepare.

They needed you. But since you could not stay
I do the tasks your faltering hands laid down.
The lunch was choice Tom took to work today.
Abe read a book instead of going to town.

Sometimes I feel you're near 'though quite unseen.
While picking peas this morn I glanced your way
And saw your coverlet of grass more green
Than arching oak which shades your bed of clay.

My vagrant thoughts range often down the years.
When time fulfills the prospects I foresee:
Enduring fame to the sad-eyed son you left in tears,
Will you not share a mother's pride with me?

--Floyd O. Rittenhouse

With my compliments
F. O. Rittenhouse

Abraham Lincoln

Ah, Lincoln! What emotions crowd the
heart

At thought of thee, who held the whole
world kin;

In whose warm breast self-interest had
no part.

Whose nobleness and power we glory in.

Thy justice was for all. No malice crept
into thy heart, and from thy lips no
word

Unfeeling fell on ears of those who wept.
Thy gentle voice in sympathy was
heard.

O, where through history's pages can we
find

A life so fruitful? Where such vic-
tories won?

We find thee ever faithful, brave and
kind.

God blest the motherland that calls thee
"Son."

M. GERTRUDE ROBERTSON.

*Manuscript to
you -
1/15/42*

Today's Verse

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL
The wail of war victims dying,
The tyrant's death rattle and
groan,
And hearts of mankind a-sigh-
ing,
Are haunting this marble-
bronze throne.
While slave shackles still are
lying
Where Lincoln gave millions
release,
New slaves are wailing and
crying
For liberty, justice and peace.
This Lincoln, earth-bowed in
sadness,
His visage deep furrowed with
care,
Those hands that checked ty-
rant madness,
Those lips that breathed rev-
erent prayer;
All seem to whisper, "My striv-
ing
Was useless. New dictator-
knaves,
Power-drunk and war-crazed,
are driving
Men back to the dungeons of
slaves."
But hark—The soul of the na-
tion
That Lincoln united in peace,
Arises with one syncopation
To give its full bloodstream
release—
Up from American hearth-
stones,
To spirit of Lincoln sublime,
Calls back in patriot heart-
tones,
"Our freedom we'll never re-
sign."
(Copyright 1942)
(Turnercrest Studio)
—Daniel Maurice Robins.

The Tall Man

(Based on an actual incident of the Civil War)

Daniel Maurice Robins

A tall man walked beside white beds
Where victims of the war's cruel hate,
With wounded legs and bandaged heads
For death's relief could only wait.
And, bending o'er a soldier frail,
He heard the youth's entreating plea,
"A letter kindly write and mail
My mother down in Tennessee."

The tall man sat beside the bed
And paper from a pocket drew;
"Tell mother, please," the soldier said,
"To her and country I've been true."
With patient scrawl the tall man wrote
The whisperings that feebly came
From fevered lips; the folded note
Bore both the boy's and writer's name.

"I'll send this letter by first mail
That leaves the Capital at dawn,"
The tall man said; his features pale,
His eyes amidst and lips close drawn.
"And now, my boy, before I go,
What other service may I do?"
The soldier turned and whispered low,
"Could you sit here 'an see me through?"

The tall man bore the heaviest task
God ever placed in human hand;
And this request, so humbly asked,
Would shatter schedules he had planned.
But, by that bed the tall man stayed
To please a dying soldier boy;
Hour after hour they talked and prayed
And found a mutual peace and joy.

When glimmering dawn appeared at last,
Above Potomac's cypress trees;
The soldier's patient spirit passed
Beyond all war born miseries.
The tall man mourned the soldier's fate
Yet satisfaction flamed anew,
As Lincoln resumed tasks of state,
For he had seen the brave boy through.

Copyright, 1936

From "Out of the Heart of Kentucky"

Mich. Christian Advocate

2/6/36

LINCOLN

HE came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamed?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young
Nor could it ever have been old.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame,
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smoldering and the flame
Of awful patience was his own.

From The Master, Edwin Arlington Robinson.

The Master—Abraham Lincoln

A flying word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered:
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undecieving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamor to the task
That we encountered and saw through,
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame,
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smoldering, and the flame
Of awful patience was his own:
With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept, Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
'Twas ours to soar and his to see;
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

—Edwin Arlington Robinson

THE MASTER--LINCOLN

The Master--Lincoln

By Edwin A. Robinson

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 Had sown the name at which we sneered,
 But soon the name was everywhere,
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 Would shame us whom he served unsought!
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 The jest of those for whom he fought;
 He knew devoutly what he thought
 Of us and of our ridicule;
 He knew that we must all be taught
 Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the tale
 That he encountered and we knew
 But little of us did he ask
 And little did we know
 And what appears to us as new
 The season when he came and chafed?
 It is the face we knew
 That we were laughing while we laughed.

The face that our vision feeds
 From that we flung;
 The world reveals
 To which we clung.
 Shred, harassed, and among
 The things that are untold,
 The face we see was never young,
 Could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we have applied
 Our shopman's test of age and worth,
 Was mortal when he died,
 As he was ancient at his birth;
 The saddest among kings of earth,
 Bowed with a galling crown, this man
 Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
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 On what it is to be sublime;
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 And have one Titan at a time.

Robinson, Ted

February 12th

"Lincoln! If you were with us this day"

Cleveland Plain Dealer

Philosopher of 2/3/36 Folly's Column

Vicar's Cunning Kiddies Are
Duly Exploited by
Ted Robinson.

February 12th.

Lincoln! If you were with us at this
day

When nations yield themselves to
crowding fears,

When war's dread rumor whispers
in our ears,

And men of peace make ready for
the fray—

If you could don the garments of
decay

Again, and come from out the
silent years—

What to the threatened clash of
hemispheres

Could you oppose? What would you
do or say?

Your work completed, did there cease
to be

Your spirit's inspiration and its
faith?

Is chance the only lord of destiny,

Is cosmic purpose but a formless
wraith?

Is it a superstition to expect

In freedom's fight, a Lincoln to
direct?

Cleveland Plain Dealer
2/12/37

Philosopher of Folly's Column

Revision of Our National
Anthems Recommended
by Ted Robinson

Might Have Been

Let politicians praise your fine technique,
Lincoln! Let all laud your humanity,
Your wisdom and your heart. 'Tis not for me
To add my feeble tribute, nor to speak
Of things I am not fit to judge. How weak
The panegyric of the scribe must be
Who views your problems uninstructedly—
To whom (like me) all statesmanship is Greek.
But I can understand your sentiment;
Your humor from my heart can never fade;
From many a word of yours, with deep content,
I recognize a fellow of my trade.
Had fate not forced you to be president,
Lord, what a columnist you would have made!

Philosopher of Folly's Column

Beginning of Cleveland's
Street Cars as Seen

by Ted Robinson

2-12-40
Cleveland Plain Dealer

Pe Kok on Lincoln's Birthday

There have been men
Who arose to great fame
Through a self-centered effort;
But there has never been a man
Who attained greatness
Who did not know in his heart
That his life belonged to his race,
And that his gifts were not for his
benefit

But for that of mankind.
The great men of earth
Are the priests of its religion,
And the martyrs of its faith.
Men do not attain greatness
By seeking it;
They find it
While seeking truth and justice.
Subtract from a famous man
All that he owes to chance,
To the wisdom of his friends,
To the folly of his enemies—
Does he still retain his stature?
Then he is truly great.

Those Were the Days!

Robinson, Ted

Sonnet for Lincoln's Birthday

"Lincoln, I find, was just
this sort of man:"

**Philosopher of
Folly's Column**

Cleveland Plain Dealer

Contrib's Question About

Free Verse Answered

by Ted Robinson

Sonnet for Lincoln's Birthday

Lincoln, I find, was just this sort of
man:

A citizen we picked to do a job
That had stumped others, and to
make a plan
And work it out, in spite of any
mob

That hampered him with ignorance,
in spite

Of traitors, pacifists and copper-
heads.

He was the sort of man that did
the right

As God gave him to see it, held
the threads

Of destiny—and saw himself be-
trayed

By his own colleagues; and his
capital

Was thronged by weak incompe-
tents who made

A bid for ruin. And in spite of all,
He was the sort of President that

Fate

Has always given us when our need
is great.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

He was of lowly, humble birth
Yet God destined this lad to be
One of the greatest sons of earth----
This poor boy born in poverty.

What a fearful, frightful, fateful weight
Of anguish this man bore,
While with sure hand he steered his State,
Through that long, ghastly, awful war!

Whence was his source of inner strength,
That upheld his hand, firm to the end?
When all else failed he turned at length
To his all-wise, unfailing Friend.

How do I know? How can I tell
He was the greatest of the great?
By the million, million tears that fell
While his torn body lay in state;

For our God treasures all the tears
That mark the day His great ones fall,
And stores them safe throughout the years
To wait the last trump's clarion call.

One precious vial was far too small
To hold those tears when Lincoln died,
Nor could by half contain them all----
God filled a second one beside.

Keith Rogers

Keith Rogers
February 14, 1966.



Rogers, Keith



Linda

A "LOVELY" LITTLE MAGAZINE
FOR ALL WHO LOVE "LOVELY"
THINGS.

(Linda is Spanish for Lovely)

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JANUARY - FEBRUARY - MARCH
QUARTERLY

50¢

Keith Rogers

A LETTER FROM LINDA

February 29, 1968

My dear friends:

It will be four years before I can write another letter on Feb. 29'th, so shall try to complete this missive ere the midnight chimes ring out. To all members of The United Amateur Press Association, and to my many dear friends I found through the publication of my poems in the "little" magazines and in the Winnipeg Free Press Weekly, I extend greetings. My LINDA conceived as a Centennial baby, is making her debut a year late. However this delay has brought many improvements. Being a perfectionist I set impossibly high standards of excellence. Being satisfied with nothing but perfection, I wound up with NOTHING PERIOD. I became very discouraged last fall. I had my copy in the printer's hands, but had to let my dream child die aborning when I lost my job hauling the Royal Mail from the City of Belleville into my beautiful county of Prince Edward.

The gentlemen who were prepared to print LINDA for me by Offset, required a substantial part of their quoted price as a down payment before they would start to make up the plates. With neither that down payment nor any chance of immediate employment, I had to let this dearest dream die. I wished then I could have died with it. When a man is 56 years old and his dreams die, there seems little to live for.

How wrong I was! I thank God for my many loyal friends who wrote me letters of encouragement and have been praying for me and LINDA. I believe with all my heart those words of Alfred Lord Tennyson, perhaps the greatest poet who ever put pen to paper..."More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of, for so the whole round earth is every way bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

After months of dejection and defeat, God has once more brought me from the darkness into the light of His presence. I can hear Christ's words to the weeping Jarius..."The maid is not dead but sleepeth."

A few words about the choice of my name. My beautiful Island County is sometimes called "LITTLE SPAIN". What could be more fitting than to choose a Spanish name for my magazine, a Spanish word meaning "Lovely". That's what my LINDA will be..."A Lovely little magazine for all who love lovely things."

LINDA will be 8½ by 11 inches in size, with a self-cover made of the same weight stock as my 48 pages of copy. This will allow me to send my covers to Mr. Karl Zeitner for inclusion in the United Amateur Press Association mailings. Of course if you wish to treat yourself to the delightful fare within this cover, you'll have to send me two dollars to cover the cost (I hope) of this year's four issues... Winter 1968, SPRING 1968, SUMMER 1968 and AUTUMN 1968.

Here is a cute little poem I wrote on assignment for Urla Bayley's FRIENDSHIP FERRY last year.

GROUND HOG DAY



Howdy, Mr. Groundhog,
Know it's GROUNDHOG DAY?
If you see your shadow
Know what folks all say?

"Six more weeks of winter!
Six long weeks to go!"
My poor body they would inter...
I'm so sick of shovellin' snow!

If you see your shadow
It will be the death of me!
Make me oh so sad...Oh
Mr. Groundhog can't you see?

And so, old Mr. Groundhog
Don't bring me this sorrow...
Slide back down your hole again
And sleep until tomorrow!

*****Keith Rogers

Mayme R. Krith's book...ALL ABOUT THE MONTHS...has this interesting paragraph about Candlemas or Groundhog Day as it is called in North America.

"In the Country Almanac, February 1676, this verse appeared:

"Foul weather is no news; hail, rain and snow
Are now expected and esteemed no woe!
Nay 'tis an omen bad the yeomen say
If Phoebus shows his face the second day."

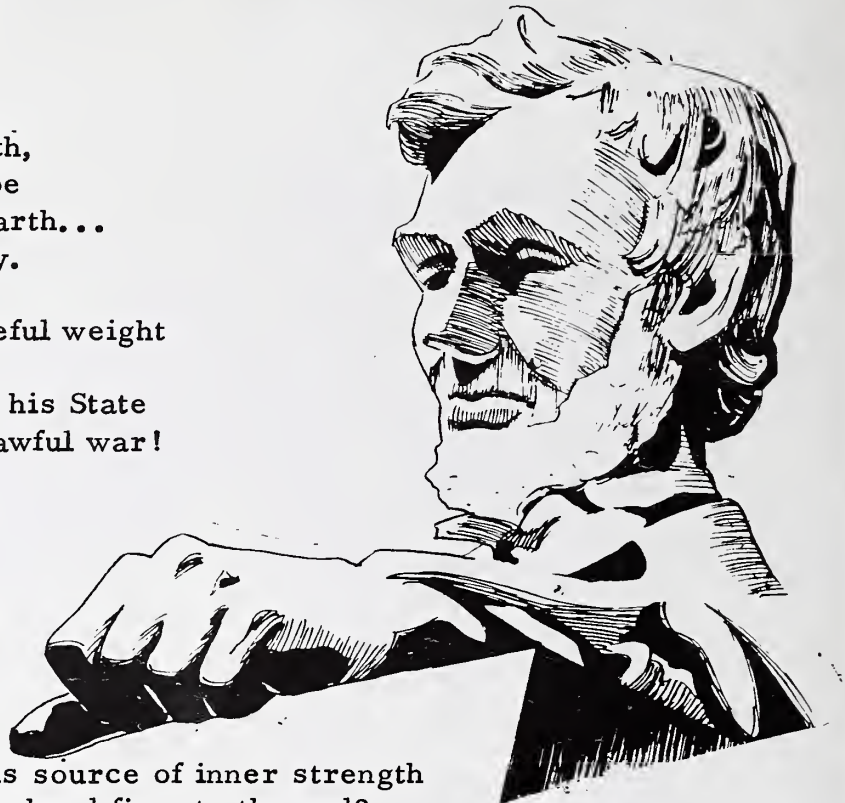
This last line, an allusion to the Sun God, refers to an old European superstition which was brought to America and is still widely accepted, especially in Pennsylvania. The belief was that if the sun shone on Candlemas Day, commonly called Groundhog Day....February 2, and the groundhog saw his shadow when he ventured out of his winter hole, there would be six more weeks of winter.

With Abraham Lincoln's birthday falling on February the 12'th, this poem of mine written in commemoration of America's greatest President is in order. This poem is one of my "SHIPS OF THE NIGHT". I awoke in the very early morning hours on February the 14'th, 1966, with this poem in my mind. I wrote it down then went back to sleep again. I had no idea then that Lincoln's birthday was on February the 12'th.

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This poor boy born in poverty.

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Of anguish this man bore
As with sure hand he steered his State
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That upheld his hand firm to the end?
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To hold those tears when Lincoln died,
Nor could by half contain them all...
God filled a second one beside.

*****Keith Rogers

The Congregationalist, February 12, 1925.

Lincoln Speaks

By Edward Tallmadge Root



My people have enshrined me in this hall
And carved my sayings here that all may read.
And here they come, old, young, fair, gay, and grave,
Awhile to linger, curious yet awed.
I love them all, but most the common folk,
Whom God must love, so many hath he made;
Love, too, the little children who look up
And ask: "Mother, what makes his eyes so sad?"

How shall they not grow sad when I behold
This nation, first conceived in liberty
And given new birth of freedom, as I thought,

Run down once more to treat the Founders' truth:
"All men created equal," as a lie?

At home, white-hooded, oath-bound clansmen fan
The dying fires of creed and racial hate.
The doors of refuge, wide for all oppressed,
Slam shut with needless insult. She who wooed
Japan into the world's great sisterhood,
Forgetting years of loyal friendship, shouts:
"I neither want thy breed nor trust thy word!"

She warred to end all war and make the Earth
Safe for democracy: but now she spurns
Her plan for lasting peace, as thing defiled,
Because in hope the nations build thereon.
What motive lurks? I hear despairing cries
From Hayti and how many little lands,
That power to rule themselves is snatched away
On the old plea of kings: "'Tis for their good."
"Life, liberty, pursuit of happiness,"
Are these the rights of Nordic men alone?
I tremble for my country when I think
That God, who hath no favorites, is just!

Like nations grow their sons. Greed begets greed.
What means this buzz of scandal, louder grown
Until the Capitol itself is soiled?
Is this the reason it was hid from me
Behind the obelisk which typifies
The matchless symmetry of Washington?
My people, did ye rear these monuments
To hide our lives and precepts from your eyes?

Lincoln

Out of the shadows we see him rise—
Face that is haunting and sorrowful eyes.

Scarred by his burden and bowed 'neath its weight:
Slave to a mission and shackled by fate.

Poor was the soil where his schooling began:
Rugged the boyhood that molded the man.

Prone with his book by the flickering blaze,
What saw he there in the hearths' ruddy blaze?

Slowly he rose while the Fates gave no sign,
Fitting himself for that labor divine.

Deep in the shadows we see him again—
Savior and martyr and brother of men!

—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

*Wesconsin Memorial Day contest
1913*

LINCOLN.

[W. D. ROSE.]

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Savior and martyr and brother of men!
—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Feb 16-1924
Abraham Lincoln
Highland Democrat

RICH in the reverence of a nation's heart,
Thou martyred one! thou firm and rugged rock!
Like valiant knight didst thou perform thy part,
Despite all envy, malice, jeer and mock!

Dark were the shadows, deep the grief and care
That fell to thee, heroic, homely soul!
Belied, contemned, but now with splendor rare
Thy fame glows radiantly from pole to pole!

Could we our fated tasks as fitly meet
As thou didst thine, O peerless man of men!
Fearless the great assassin, Death, we'd greet,
Scorning his shaft. Life were a victory then!
—A. Rosenthal in *Globe-Democrat*

Rosenthal, A.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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heart,

Thou martyred one! thou firm and
rugged rock!

Like valiant knight didst thou perform
thy part,

Despite all envy, malice, jeer and
mock!

Dark were the shadows, deep the grief
and care

That fell to thee, heroic, homely
soul!

Belied, condemned, but now with
splendor rare

Thy fame glows radiantly from pole
to pole!

Could we our fated tasks as fitly meet
As thou didst thine, Oh peerless man
of men!

Fearless the great assassin, Death, we'd
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Scorning his shaft. Life were a vic-
tory then!

—A. Rosenthal.

In St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

AMERICA'S ONE GREAT SON

*By Josephine Roukat, Aged 15, 29
Central Avenue, Dudley Mass*

In a little log cabin surrounded by snow
Was born a babe who became famous,
you know
He was America's one great son,
His beloved name was Abraham Lin-
coln.

He was a lad so very, very poor,
But of a book to read he was always
sure,
He would walk many miles to borrow
just one,
And then carefully read it until he
was done.

He did not walk up some nice varnished
stairs,
Nor did he sit on pretty cushioned
chairs,
He climbed a ladder to his loft everyday,
And then went to sleep on a bag
filled with hay.

When a full-grown man he was elected
President,
And all his strength and ideas to
America he lent,
He was the sixteenth to serve his coun-
try,
And here he set the slaves all free.

A courage like his no one ever saw,
For he suffered much during the
Civil War,
No greater deeds were ever done,
Than by Lincoln, America's one
great son.

FROM LINCOLN TO WILLKIE

I.

From Lincoln down to Willkie,
A sad and far descent:
So sad it is, so far it is,
And both to such extent
That, in the great superlative,
They stand equivalent:
Descriptive of the downward course
The G. O. Party went;
Descriptive of the downward course
The G. O. Party went.

II.

Not suddenly, as though by chance,
Does glory pass away.
It slowly dies; and, by the stealth
Of unperceived decay.
When men no longer will be great,
Then greatness will not stay.
In littleness, they stand revealed;
When comes the crucial day.
In littleness, they stand revealed;
When comes the crucial day.

III.

Compare the speech at Gettysburg,
Of pure and simple phrase,
With blatant mouthings we have heard
In very recent days;
And, knowing that each one himself
Each one himself portrays,
Perceive which one or both possess
Sincere or purchased praise;
Perceive which one or both possess
Sincere or purchased praise.

IV.

As music dies upon the note
With which the tune began,
There is one first and final note
In things Republican:
The glorious note of pleasing sound,
Of Liberty and Man;
But with two meanings more apart
Than Beersheba from Dan;
But with two meanings more apart
Than Beersheba from Dan.

V.

First meaning was: Man is of worth,
And must not be a slave;
That this shall be, none may depart:
The Union we must save.
Then, there was more than love of self:
Men could be great and brave;
For they were great, not by their greed
But great in what they gave;
For they were great, not by their greed
But great in what they gave.

VI.

The meaning now: Wealth must be free
To exercise control,
With liberty of giving more
To those who gain the goal
Of getting more and leaving less
For those who need the dole;
And those of you who think this way:
Zie haben Recht, ya vohl;
And those of you who think this way:
Zie haben Recht, ya vohl.

VII.

Thus has it been throughout all time:
Seduced by their success,
Some who are able to acquire
And also to possess,
Becoming captives of their gain,
Within themselves grow less
Until, by contrast, what they are
Approaches nothingness;
Until, by contrast, what they are
Approaches nothingness.

VIII.

Who are the great, how are they known;
What is the sign, the cue?
They are the ones whose vision sees
There should be something new,
And that more for the more is more
Than much more for the few;
For only they are truly great
Who have the wider view;
For only they are truly great
Who have the wider view.

IX.

With Nature bountiful to give,
How long shall greed restrain?
How long shall all this needless want
Through heedlessness remain?
In all of this, there is a strange
Excess of useless gain.
A goal there is of higher thought
Than merely to obtain;
A goal there is of higher thought
Than merely to obtain.

X.

A new and better age draws near
For us and all mankind.
More freedom means more shall be free
From shackles that now bind;
And, in that change, some faults must be
Forever left behind;
And, for that change, we do not need
Blind leaders of the blind;
And, for that change, we do not need
Blind leaders of the blind.

A. B. RUFER,
Anagrammatic,
duonominal.

Abraham Lincoln

Draw near O men of passing generations,
 In kind contemplation of human greatness.
 Vested in him, who living exemplified
 The virtues that men awarded him in death;
 Whose memory, with its sweetness and pathos,
 Enriches our lives through the mellowing years.
 He sincerely loved the South and her people,
 Whom fate had decreed to be the enemies
 Of principles he held inviolable.
 Preserving with determining purpose
 For Justice, Liberty and Equality,
 The ultimate issue challenging the world.
 Oh, Lincoln, how fain would we anoint the wounds
 That fretted thy sad and weary atonement,
 How glad were we to cheer the lonely hours
 Of thy stormy and thy uncertain vigil,
 How privileged to emulate the courage
 Of one who could smile amid threatening tears,
 Whose compassion was tenderly awarded;
 Ah, not in craven stone or emblazoned page
 Will the sublime charm of thy worthiness live,
 But the memory of thy noble virtues
 Shall be revered in the hearts of all men,
 To ever remind them of their brother's rights;
 And time shall increase the awe of thy greatness,
 Told in thy country's progressive achievements,
 And happiness of a united people.
 More fitting still shall the innocent children
 Lisp thy name in all their wondering sweetness
 In harmony with the fragrant flowers that cheer
 The sunny hills of our beloved country.

Pen. Ollie Rutter
 OLLIE RUTTER.

"Lincoln Lives."

Lincoln lives, the world proclaims it.
Need the test of time disclaim it?
Through the years of peace or warring,
Like the sunshine brightly pouring,
Lives his spirit, kindly leading
Ever onward, nor receding.
While as one we live together,
Blows the wind or rainy weather—
Lincoln lives!

Lincoln lives, the world grows better,
Though to him are all a debtor,
As we think of all as brothers,
Respecting rights and aims of others.
Dark with hours of bitter longing,
Grim with dismal war-clouds thronging,
Was the path he trod while groping
For the things all men are hoping—
Lincoln lives!

Lincoln lives, the hills are telling,
With their music softly welling,
Where the straying herds are lowing
And the mighty harvests growing.
Fostered by great plains and mountains,
Rivers, lakes or brooks or fountains,
Of our country bright with glory,
Great in cities and in story—
Lincoln lives!

Lincoln lives—to children tell it:
With his charm and pathos spell it.
Let his name be throbbing, glowing
Through the ages coming, going.
Lasting virtue is implanted,
Homely scenes will be enchanted
If to duty we are wedded,
Character is thus imbedded—
Lincoln lives!

Phila Record, —OLLIE RUTTER.

Abraham Lincoln

Lincoln! when men would name a man
Just, unperturbed, magnanimous,
Tried in the lowest seat of all,
Tried in the chief seat of the house,—

Lincoln! when men would name a man
Who wrought the great work of his age
Who fought and fought the noblest fight,
And marshalled it from stage to stage,

Victorious, out of dusk and dark,
And into dawn and on till day,
Most humble when the peans rang,
Least rigid when the enemy lay

Prostrated for his feet to trod,—
This name of Lincoln's will they name,
A name revered, a name of scorn,
Of scorn to sundry, not to Fame.

Lincoln, the man who freed the slave;
Lincoln whom never self enticed;
Slain Lincoln, worthy found to die
A soldier of his captain Christ.
—"R." in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

No Hall. Specimen day, 1916

